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Hymns for Children.



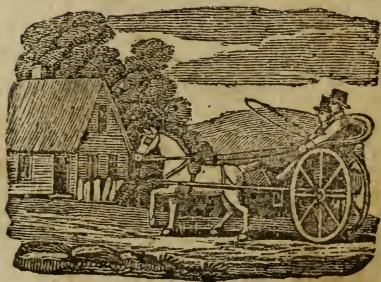
SOLD BY J. METCALF,
WENDELL, Mass.

Heart Po Brown
Book

HYMNS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.



J. METCALF....WENDELL, MASS.

1830.

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HYMNS.



A child's hymn of praise.

I THANK the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smil'd,
And made me in these Christian days,
A free and happy child.

I was not born, as thousands are,
Where God was never known ;
And taught to pray a useless prayer,
To blocks of wood and stone.

I was not born a little slave,
To labour in the sun,
And wish I were but in the grave,
And all my labour done !

I was not born without a home,
Or in some broken shed ;

A gipsy baby, taught to roam,
And steal my daily bread.

My God, I thank thee, who has plann'd
A better lot for me,
And plac'd me in this happy land,
And where I hear of thee.



Praise for daily mercies.

LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by thee,

'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour ;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou give me power.

Kind angels guard me every night,
As round my bed they stay :
Nor am I absent from thy sight,
In darkness or by day.

My health, and friends, and parents
 dear,
 To me by God are given,
I have not any blessing here
 But what is sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant
 care,
 A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
 To love thee and obey.



Time and Eternity.

How long, sometimes, a day appears !
 And weeks how long are they !
 Months move as slow as if the years
 Would never pass away.

It seems a long, long time ago,
 That I was taught to read ;
 And since I was a babe, I know
 'Tis very long indeed.

But even years are passing by,
 And soon must all be gone ;
 For day by day as minutes fly,
 Eternity comes on.

Days, months, and years must have
 Eternity has none ; [an end ;
 'Twill always have as long to spend
 As when it first begun !

Great God ! an infant cannot tell
 How such a thing can be ;
 I only pray that I may dwell
 That long, long time with thee.



The little Pilgrim.

THERE is a path that leads to God—
 All others go astray—
 Narrow, but pleasant, is the road ;
 And Christians love the way.

It leads straight through this world of
 sin ;
 And dangers must be past ;

But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

How shall an infant pilgrim dare
This dangerous path to tread?
For on the way is many a snare
For youthful travellers spread;

While the broad road where thousands
Lies near and opens fair; [go,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.

But lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

Then may I go without alarm,
And trust his word of old;—
“The lambs he’ll gather with his arm
And lead them to his fold.”

Thus may I safely venture through,
Beneath my Shepherd’s care;
And keep the gate of heaven in view,
Till I shall enter there.



The lily of the valley.

COME, my love, and do not spurn
 From a little flower to learn—
 See the lily on the bed,
 Hanging down its modest head;
 While it scarcely can be seen,
 Folded in its leaf of green.

Yet we love the lily well,
 For its sweet and pleasant smell;
 And would rather call it ours,
 Than a many gayer flowers;
 Pretty lilies seem to be
 Emblems of humility.

Come, my love, and do not spurn
 From a little flower to learn :
 Let your temper be as sweet
 As the lily at your feet ;
 Be as gentle, be as mild,
 Be a modest, simple child.

'Tis not beauty that we prize,
 Like a summer flower it dies :
 But humility will last,
 Fair and sweet, when beauty's past :
 And the Saviour from above,
 Views a humble child with love.



An Evening Hymn for a little family.

Now condescend, Almighty King,
 To bless this little throng ;
 And kindly listen while we sing
 Our pleasant evening song.

We come to own the Power Divine,
 That watches o'er our days ;

For this our feeble voices join
In hymns of cheerful praise.

Before the sacred footstool see
We bend in humble prayer,



A happy little family,
To ask thy tender care.

May we in safety sleep to night,
From every danger free;
Because the darkness and the light
Are both alike to thee.

And when the rising sun displays
 His cheerful beams abroad,
 Then shall our morning hymn of praise
 Declare thy goodness, Lord.

Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
 Our lips together move ;
 Then smile upon this little band,
 And join our hearts in love.



Against anger and impatience.

WHEN, for some little insult given,
 My angry passions rise,
 I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
 And bore his injuries.

He was insulted every day,
 Though all his words were kind :
 But nothing men could do or say,
 Disturb'd his heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs he heard
 Against the truths he taught,

Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.

And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,



“Father, forgive their sin,” he said,
“They know not what they do.”

Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend;
But speak that pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

“Thou, God, seest me.”

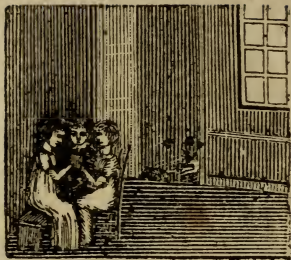
AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes; God is like a shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without controul?
No; for a constant watch he keeps,
On every thought of every soul.

If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side there would be God.

He smiles in heaven; he frowns to hell;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea;
I *must* within his presence dwell;
I *cannot* from his anger flee.

Yet I may flee—he shows me where;
Tells me to Jesus Christ to fly;
And while he sees me weeping there,
There's only mercy in his eye.



Brotherly Love.

THE God of heaven is pleas'd to see,
A little family agree ;
And will not slight the praise they bring
When loving children join to sing.

For love and kindness please him more
Than if we gave him all our store ;
And children here who dwell in love,
Are like his happy ones above.

The gentle child, that tries to please,
That hates to quarrel, fret and tease,
And would not say an angry word—
That child is pleasing to the Lord.

Great God ! forgive, whenever we
 Forget thy will, and disagree ;
 And grant that each of us may find
 The sweet delight of being kind.

*" Though the Lord be high, yet hath
 he respect unto the lowly."*

WHERE is the high and lofty One ?
 His dwelling is afar ;
 He lives beyond the blazing sun,
 And every distant star.

But God, whom thousand worlds obey,
 Descends to earthly ground,
 And dwells in cottages of clay,
 If there his saints are found.

Is not the heaven of heavens his own ?
 Yes—he is Lord of all ;
 And there, before his awful throne,
 The saints and angels fall.

But, little child, with joy attend ;
 For if you love him too,
 This mighty God will condescend
 To come and dwell with you.



